

Emiliana Torrini, Beggar's Prayer

Mamma said, lift your head from the sieve of your hands.
Mamma said eventually this hurting will end.
But the shockwaves on my bones will linger,
Like the ghost of you here in my bed.

When I was lost you thought me a beautiful find.
Sometimes I think of you sleeping, so sleep for a while.
I find myself asking who'd do this to love,
And the white-shouldered mountains they pointed above.

Lord you just dropped me here by the side of this road.
Out here's too cold and I don't want to walk it alone.
I've got a bottle of your blood inside me,
And on old beggar's prayer on the tip of my tongue.

Mamma said, lift your head from the sieve of your hands.
Mamma said that eventually this hurting will end...